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Living Temple.



THE

Living Temple:

A

BRIEF MEMOIR OF JANE BETHEL.

"Know ye not that ye are the TEMPLE of GOD."—1 COR. iii. 16.

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N O T E.

THIS is a real life, and not a picture. It is the autobiography of one who seemed to all who knew her as indeed a living TEMPLE for the indwelling of the Spirit of God. She was not merely submissive to the will of her heavenly Father, but she kissed the hand that led her, by a path of weariness and toil, sorrow and sickness, to the promised inheritance.

Let this brief record teach us that the grace of God, sought by the humblest of his creatures in the way of His appointment, will give strength to endure every burden, and to triumph over every foe.

JANE BETHEL.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swelled the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To her were opening paradise.—GRAY.

JANE was born of very humble parentage. Her mother was a pious woman, with good native powers, but without any advantages of cultivation beyond those which a district school afforded—and these, fifty years ago at least, and in some small towns, were far less than there are now. There were four children, of whom two were girls.

Jane had a slender frame and a very clear complexion; her eyes were between blue and gray; and her hair, (of which she had not much,) might pass for a golden brown, though in truth it was nearly red. This she always kept so neatly, that what would have been unbecoming upon some persons, on her only made

more forcible the impression of neatness and perfect purity, which her whole appearance indicated. Her brow was wide and full, and the blue veins were so distinct upon the temples, that they seemed to be painted upon the surface. Her mouth was wide, but her teeth were nicely kept, and her smile was always unconstrained and pleasant. She was high-shouldered and very thin. Of course you will see that there was little outside attractiveness; and that she was indebted, for any power of pleasing that she possessed, to something within the temple.

We have all seen, by daylight, porcelain shades that seemed only rough and unsightly plates of china. But, when the lamp within the shade was lighted, they revealed pictures of beauty and traces of loveliness, of which, when unillumined, we had supposed them incapable.

So it was with Jane, and I believe no one ever knew her long, without mentally applying to her, lowly and unadorned as she was, the exquisite description of the lady in Milton's *Masque of Comus*:—

“A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear may hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.”

Her father died when Jane was quite young, and it is soon after his death that we shall introduce her to you.

Moreton was one of the little villages in the valley of the Connecticut, about four miles from the river, where the land begins to swell into hills, whose sides are covered with fruit-trees, and where the little intervals between the hills, protected by them from the cold winds, abundantly reward the toil of the farmer. Besides repaying a hundred-fold the culture bestowed on them, they produce spontaneously in all their neglected nooks, by the road-side, in the woods, and in marshy places, the most exquisite and fragrant wild flowers. There the anemone and the arbutus welcome the spring, and the delicate blue gentian, opening her long-

fringed lashes, smiles to the autumn, making every beholder admire her surpassing delicacy, and calling all hearts to worship Him who scatters the beautiful tokens of his love and skill so freely upon the earth.

Perhaps the best way to give you Jane's history will be to let her speak for herself; and for this purpose we shall now have recourse to her diary and letters, which will explain themselves.

Feb. 10th.—To-day I am fifteen: it is now three years since father died. We have sold all the good furniture, piece by piece, to supply our daily wants, and mother has worked very hard to let me go to school. It is time for me to begin to work for her. I see that this last swelling on her back is far worse than the one she had before, and I am sure she works too hard. She must not take in any more washing, and I must either go out to service, or go into the mill, and earn enough so that we can live with what sewing and knitting she may be able to get. I wish I could teach a school, but I am not old enough, and besides,

I do not know enough, and there is no money to send me any longer where I could learn. I wish I had a rich uncle as Sarah Smith has. But no! Have I not a Father in heaven? And as he has not seen best for me to have rich friends to take care of me, I must take care of myself, and be thankful for the faculties and the health that he has given to do it with.

There is poor Amelia Grey—she has had to go to the alms-house because she is idiotic, and all her friends are dead, poor thing! God has blessed me so much more than her, and yet how unworthy I am! But I must stop writing, and help mother.

Feb. 12th.—I conquered my wicked pride yesterday, and went to see Mr. Brown, the mill-owner. He was pleasanter than I expected. I got Annie Grey to go with me. He said he would give me two dollars a week. I came home and cried right hard. Blessed Saviour! forgive me, and help me to feel all the time that thou dost love me, and that thou wilt take care of me. Christ was not too proud to be the reputed son of a carpenter: why should I

feel degraded by going into the mill? I will not feel so wrong any more. He has made me poor, but he could as easily have made me a queen's daughter and rich, if he had seen fit. I want to say, "Thy will be done," from the bottom of my heart.

Feb. 22d.—I have now been in the mill a week. Some of the girls are very bad. They say things they ought to be ashamed of. It is hard to be obliged to hear their foolish and wicked speeches, when I know that only the "pure in heart" can see God. I feel afraid that I cannot work in a mill and keep pure in thought. Yet God sees every vile thing that is done, and hears every impure and profane word that is spoken; and yet he retains his unspotted holiness and purity. O Holy Father, I lift my soul to thee! Thou hast the power to keep me even in this furnace, so that the smell of fire shall not remain on me. Keep me, O God!

Feb. 26th.—How good the Sabbath seems after a week's work in the mill! How pleasant to go to church all day! I never loved to hear

my minister so much. He seems to lift me out of mire and dirt, and lead me to meet my Shepherd beside the clear sweet waters of life.

I did wrong last week, and felt wrong. I began to feel that I was so superior and so much better than some of those boisterous, coarse girls at the mill, that before I knew it I was looking proud and scornful. I spoke to one of them and said, "I wouldn't behave as you do for any thing." She called me a "canting Pharisee," and I believe there was too much truth in the taunt. When shall I ever be really meek and lowly of heart like my blessed Master?

Feb. 29th.—Two years ago to-day my darling brother set off to go to sea. Where is he now? I think of him in every storm. Poor fellow! If he were only a Christian, I should not feel so anxious about him. I do not pray enough for his salvation, and the reason is I suppose because I do not desire it as earnestly as I ought, I am so occupied with daily work and care.

March 5th.—My side aches dreadfully some-

times. I am not going to live long, I believe. I do not wish to say much, only to take care of the rest. How good my Sunday-school teacher is! She asked me to tea Saturday, and I hurried to get my work done at the mill. She lent me the Memoirs of Henry Martyn and of Felix Neff. How silly I have been to think I had any trials! In a Christian land, with a dear mother and sister and friends, with a good minister and Sunday-school teacher; what if I do have to work. What if I am poor. What if I am honely and plainly clothed! Oh! how ungrateful I have been. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise shall henceforth be continually in my mouth, and my *spirit shall rejoice* in God my Saviour.

March 12th.—I am so glad Miss Emily learned me how to keep a journal! My flowers are coming on nicely, and the hyacinth she gave me looks beautiful, but not so beautiful and sweet as she does. I believe she is one of God's chosen ones. She brought mother some medicine to-day, and a parcel of clothing that she had done wearing, and she gave me some

magazines that she had laid by. They are religious, and I shall enjoy reading them when the summer light comes, so that I can read without burning candles.

March 14th.—Miss Emily has been sick. How I wish I did not have to work now! I should love to take care of her so much! I went to ask her to let me watch with her, but she would not allow me to. She said there were plenty of friends who could sleep all day to take care of her, and so I had to give it up. Lord Jesus, watch over her and lay thy rod upon her very gently!

March 20th.—Miss Emily sits up now a little every day, but she is very weak. This warm day will help her. I am sure I heard a bird this morning, and he sang as if he would say, “*God is good.*”

March 30th.—I am getting quite used to the mill; but the melting snows and the rains have made bad walking, and I have had my feet cold and wet half the day. My side aches more, but I have a good colour, and so I suppose I must be well. Miss Emily rode out to-

day, and stopped at the door to let mother see her sweet face. They say she is engaged to be married. I hope it will be a long engagement.

April 2d.—Miss Emily thinks she shall be strong enough next Sunday to re-commence the Sunday-school for coloured children, that she has had for two years. She went down to the neighbourhood where they live, which is in a sort of dell, half a mile from her house, and found there were a dozen children from four to fourteen, who went to no Sunday-school and seldom to church. One of the women said she would let Miss Emily have her best room for an hour and a half every Sunday afternoon after church services, and she has been and taught these children two years. She is greatly interested in it, and says it was really surprising how the story of the birth of our Saviour at Bethlehem, and its announcement by the angels to the shepherds “keeping watch over their flocks by night,” affected them. She thinks they have much love of poetry, and much imagination and quick feeling, which

ought to be taken advantage of by those who teach them. It is astonishing how dramatic, how life-like, how poetic, and pictorial the Bible is. She says she never appreciated its universal adaptation to the human mind and heart as she has since she began to teach it to these ignorant ones.

April 5th.—Little Jennie over the way came to see me last night. It was twilight, and I never light a lamp early, both to save oil, and because I love the season so well. She stood at the window watching the stars, while I told her a little of their glorious Maker. Oh, said she, how beautiful they are! They are God's money, don't you think they are? I thought it very pretty. She is a bright, quick child, and is in my class in Sunday-school this year.

April 8th.—I get along better at the mill than I did.

“Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,

'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:

His way was much rougher and darker than mine:

Did *Jesus* thus suffer, and shall *I* repine?”

April 8th.—We have got some old casks, and James sawed them in two for me. A boy

at the mill painted them green, begging the paint of the painter, who lent his brush long enough for the boy to do them. They are quite elegant flower-boxes. Some of the girls have helped me, and we have got daisies, violets, pinks, and one rose, and the window near us at the mill will not look so cheerless as it has. It will do us all good.

April 12th.—Raised blood yesterday, and felt very weak, but am better to-day. I must work, at any rate; for if I do not, what will mother and Amy do?

April 20th.—Sick two or three days, and have been out of the mill; lost four days in all.

April 26th.—The air is full of the songs of the birds, and some little patches of grass look less brown, and others are glowing like an emerald ring that Miss Emily wears. I was glad to see her on her horse to-day. Cantering about will bring the colour back to her cheeks, I hope. She gave me, last Sabbath, some poems that she had copied for me: “The Psalm of Life.” How grand it is! it makes me stronger

to read it. I wish I could write poetry, and I sometimes think I could if I only knew how to begin. They say a lady wrote

“I love to steal awhile away.”

It is in the “Village Hymns,” and I sing it every Sabbath at twilight. “Dundee” goes beautifully to it. I am glad mother let me learn so many hymns when I was a child, for now in the mill, when the girls say bad things, or bad thoughts come into my head, I go right to saying over a hymn to myself, and make a little prayer in my mind, and they do not trouble me any more. How good God is to give me such helps! There was a fierce storm last night, and I was long awake thinking of our poor George. When shall we hear from him?

April 30th.—I saw to-day the gentleman that they say Miss Emily is to marry. I do not like his looks, not but that he is handsome in form and features, but he had a segar in his mouth, and he did not seem like her. Her brother was with her too. He is going to be a missionary. My brother James is in his second year at Squire Bean’s, and looks like

a farmer. He thinks too much of being rich.

May 6th.—Warm, sunny, and glad. The air in the factory yesterday during the rain was stifling, and I nearly fainted, but to-day I feel better. I am troubled about mother. She can hardly get around at all some days.

July 4th.—To-day no work at the mill, so I washed the paint and windows, mopped the flour, and ironed my things. While I was standing ironing and singing

“My faith looks up to thee,”

I heard a step. The dog York, who belongs to the ugly man that rents the rooms below our's, was lying under our stove. I had petted him, and he had become fond of me, and gone with me to and from the mill very often; but he is a fierce creature, and sprang at the sound of the step. He reached the door before me, and sprang upon my poor sailor brother, (for it was he,) and, before I could think, had bitten one eyebrow quite in two, and made such a gash near his eye on the side of his nose, that the blood flowed freely. I got water and lint,

coaxed the dog out of the room, got sticking-plaster, and dressed the wound. After stopping the blood with the lint, I put on the plaster, and then had time to be glad to see my brother, and to cry that he had so dreadful a reception. But he made light of it. He was so glad to get home. He says street-sweeping is much better than being a sailor, and all his romantic ideas about

“The ever blue, the wild, the free,”

seem pretty much evaporated. I believe he ate six boiled eggs this morning for breakfast. They were the first he had tasted in three years nearly. I hope more strawberries will be ripe by to-morrow. I picked all the ripe ones yesterday for mother. He says there is nothing would seem so good to him as a bowl of strawberries and milk.

July 25th.—I have had no time to write since dear George came. Every day I have had to dress the wound on his face. I suppose that eating salt food so long has made his blood bad, for it is a shocking bite, and it makes me

quite faint to dress it, but I do not let him know that.

July 30th.—It is pleasant to go to church with George, poor fellow! I am afraid he will go to sea again, after all. He begins already to talk of the beautiful nights in the Southern Ocean. He tells of playing the flute in such nights, and the stillness of the sailors gathered to listen to him, and the beauty of the sea, of the joy of meeting other ships upon the deep, of the “*fun*” of whale-catching! Oh dear, I fear he will go!

August 10th.—George says there must be some to plough the sea as well as the land, and that but for sailors, the different nations of the world would be strangers to each other, and each quite isolated. I have been to see Miss Emily about it, and she says, those who once go on a long voyage as sailors, although they are sick of it, and think it a hard life when they just land, yet they almost always return to it; and if they try to do business on land, they are unfitted for it, and long to be roving.

September 1st.—George is gone! Yesterday I

packed his trunk. Mother had fixed his clothes. I put in all the good books we possess: the Pilgrim's Progress, that I got for a prize at school—the beautiful Prayer Book that Miss Emily gave me for him, and which George says he shall like, because they have such strange Sabbaths, and no minister, prayers, or preaching. How I wish he could preach to the poor creatures, who he says are the refuse of all nations, and many of them as ignorant and vicious as heathen! I put up many tracts, each one with a prayer that it might be the seed of good, and fall into some heart where it would bear fruit to the glory of God.

Sept. 5th.—It seems hardly possible that summer is so nearly gone—that George has come and gone—and that I must prepare for cold weather soon. Mother acts strangely since George went away. I think sometimes her head is affected. She suffers a great deal; and often this week I have had to keep awake half the night to watch her. I am afraid she is not in her right mind, but I cannot bear to think so. Amy grows sweet and lovely every

day. She is now more thoughtful, and controls her temper better, and is less disposed to be selfish.

Sept. 8th.—Mother was very wild last night. James spent the evening at home, and brought her a bushel of potatoes from Squire Bean's. She said that there was no use in her living, to wear us all out earning money for her and taking care of her. James could not control her at all. I seem to be the only one whom she will allow to guide her. Heavenly Father! give me strength.

October 1st.—Mother is much the same. It is wonderful how God helps me! I work all day at the mill, and in the evening do house-work. Mother keeps her bed most of the time, only quitting it in a frantic fit, or to have her bed made. It is well that her mind is more tranquil during the day, as I should not dare to leave her, if she were as wild as she is in the night; and I must work in the mill, or have nothing to depend upon for our daily bread. Help me to cast all these cares upon

Thee! for thou, O my God! hast said thou carest for me.

January 1st.—I have had to be absent from the mill a good many days on mother's account. Her mind is constantly wandering, and I cannot allow myself a moment's sound sleep, for fear she will get away. Last night, worn weary with such constant care, I suppose I slept soundly a little while. When I awoke, she was not in her bed. I went into the little kitchen, and there, with the door wide open, and the storm of snow and sleet beating in, lay my dear mother. She had gone out, and returning, had fallen over the door-sill; and when I found her, she was cold and insensible. I lifted her up as well as I could—made a fire—put warm things around her, and rubbed her a long time, till finally she revived.

Jan. 8th.—Mother has been very ill since that dreadful cold and exposure. I do not know what we should do, but for Miss Emily; she had a load of wood sent to us, and she brings mother most of the little food she eats. People say she cannot do what she would wish

to ; for her father, although very rich, gives her no money, but makes her run up bills at the stores for what she wants ; and he always looks over the bills before paying them, and makes such a fuss about her having any thing bought for other people, that she does not dare to do it. She is too conscientious to deceive him, and do it in that way. Her mother is dead long ago ; and they say Mr. Blanque, to whom she is engaged, has not been there this winter.

Jan. 15th.—Mother is more quiet, and too weak to leave her bed at all. This enables me, after making the room tidy, and giving Amy her breakfast, to leave home and work more at the mill. Mr. Brown is very kind, and lets me work when I can, although it would be better for him to have a regular hand. He sent me by Miss Emily, last week, an order on his store for \$5. My good Heavenly Father ! make me thankful for all thy mercies.

Jan. 26th.—Last week I went to the funeral of poor Mary Stray. She was a great reader of novels. She used to work in the mill, and

was there a little while after I began to go. The novels made her discontented; and she thought her step-mother was very cross and unkind, because she always told her it would be far better to read good books, and take wholesome exercise, and keep her clothes neatly, than to shut herself up, reading novels. She blamed her Maker for not making her rich, and determined to get an education. Last spring she allowed a young man to go and see her very often, and she accepted gifts from him, which she ought to have refused. She was very handsome; and he flattered her, and told her he was going to Canada, and if she would leave the mill, and go to school and be educated, he would send her money from Canada to pay the bills. I suppose the poor thing hoped he would marry her in the end. He went away, and she went to a school in town, the teacher of which was a good and capable woman, but who was herself poor, and supporting a family by her teaching. She was there until the fall. Mrs. Damon, the teacher, at the end of the term, told her she

wanted her pay. Mary Stray promised she should have it, for she said her friends would help her. Mrs. Damon allowed her to stay another quarter. She studied well, and went to church regularly. Last week, she told one of the trustees she was very unhappy, and the Sunday before she died, she cried all church-time. She went to her relations to borrow money, but they were all too poor, and told her she ought to work, as God had not given her the means to get an education. She then went to a gentleman in town, and asked him to lend her the money. It was a large sum she asked, and she did not tell him what she wanted it for. He, full of business and care, did not stop to ask the reason for such an unusual request; and Mary, disheartened and timid, went back to the school. That night, unknown to any one, she arose, dressed herself, and walked about a mile in the cold snow to the river. (They traced her steps afterward, and found she never faltered nor turned back.) When she reached the river, she sought a place where the ice was broken, and there they found

her lifeless body the next day. At first, very hard things were said of her, but in two or three days testimony was produced by her friends, which proved her only to have been ambitious, vain, and incapable of sound judgment, by novel reading. She had no faith or hope in God to keep her. She had never heard from the person who had flattered her, and believing he had ceased to love her, and not having the precious love of Christ, who never leaveth nor forsaketh those who put their trust in him, she has perished by suicide, and only sixteen years old! O God! I thank thee for all thy mercies, for by nature I was as weak and foolish as this poor girl, and it is thy love and power that has kept me from wrecking myself even more than she has done. Bless this awful death, I pray thee, to all her associates, and may we all repent and be converted, lest in anger thou destroy us, or leave us to destroy ourselves! There was not a dry eye at the funeral.

Jan. 30th.—I believe that two of the worst girls at the mill, and several of the better

ones, are very anxious about their souls. Mother is a little better.

February 10th.—Last night dear Amy got up in the night, and when I awoke, she was crying at the foot of the bed. I asked her what was the matter; and she said, “Oh, sister Jane! I cannot sleep, I am so wicked!”

“But you know, dear Amy, God will, for the blessed Saviour’s sake, forgive all who confess and forsake their sins. Do you not believe it?”

“Oh yes; I know God is good, and Christ is good, but *I am so sinful!*” and so she sobbed and cried.

I soothed her as well as I could, and she finally went to sleep in my arms. God bless and save her!

Feb. 12th.—This morning I was at home at work. I noticed that Amy’s eyes seemed all the while full of tears, but thought best not to say any thing. She tried to sing over her work, but had to give it up; at last she put her work down, and came and kneeled beside me, sobbing as if her heart would break, and

told me she was afraid she should be lost ; that I did not know, and no one knew, how wicked she had been ; that she had taken some broken pieces of a gold ear-ring that belonged to mother, and one day, when she went to school, she took them to the jeweller's, and sold them to him for three cents, and bought candy with the money. "But it didn't taste good, sister Jane; and oh ! I have felt so guilty ever since ! I could hardly look you and mother in the face. You thought I was a good girl, and I thought so, too, sometimes ; but now I see what a wicked heart I have ; and I am afraid of God !"

I told her to go into the other room alone, and kneel down and pray to God, telling him how wicked she had been, and asking him to forgive her for Christ's sake, and to give her a new and better heart. She went very unwillingly.

Feb. 14th.—I asked Amy to-day, if she prayed when I told her to. She said, "No ;" and cried again. I told her God was the only

one to do her any good, and she would feel no better until she went to him.

Three of the girls in the mill hope they love God. It is all so changed with them. They have a prayer-meeting nearly every evening, and many go.

Feb. 18th.—Last evening, Aunt Sarah, who teaches an infant school out at the Millicent Factories, came down, and we had a little prayer-meeting. James was here, and Amy, and Ellen May, whose brother has hired the rooms below our's. Dear mother was quiet and in bed; she does not seem to notice these things at all.

When we arose from our knees after one of the prayers, which seemed like the cool and gentle dew, Amy's face was beaming. She went up to Aunt Sarah, and said, "Oh aunt, I feel so different! so happy! The peace of heaven came upon me during that prayer. I am not afraid of God now. I believe he loves me for Christ's sake, and has forgiven my sins."

Feb. 24th.—How unutterably merciful and

kind is God! Dear Amy seems, indeed, like a new creature. This season of great joy will perhaps be temporary, but the memory of it will never fade away from her soul. It will be felt through her life, I hope, as the starting-point in her Christian walk, and remembered as the blessedness she knew

“When *first* she saw the Lord.”

James is serious, but says very little. O God! if my death would save him, thou knowest I would die for him. But that is not necessary. Christ, the Lamb of God, has been slain for the sins of the whole world. “Draw him to thyself.” The meetings at the mill are very interesting. I have not been able to go very often. My side troubles me, and my breath is short.

March 1st.—To-day we heard that George’s ship had been spoken. Dear Miss Emily sent us the good news. She saw it in their paper. How thoughtful and kind she is!

March 2d.—Mother is now badly again, and I cannot, I fear, go to the mill. What will become of us? Not a sparrow falleth without

thy knowledge, O my Father! Thou feedest the ravens, and thou wilt hear me when I cry! Last Sunday was communion, and Miss Chank, who leads the singing, sang

“Come, ye disconsolate,”

all alone. It went so to my heart, that I cried a little, but my spirit did not weep, for it seemed that the Holy Comforter soothed me with those words.

March 20th.—Weary enough in body, but happy at heart. Thank God for Amy, and for James, and for all those at the mill, to whom he has “revealed himself as merciful and gracious, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul!”

Mother is very bad; I have no time to make bread, even, and there is no flour, if I had. Never mind! Potatoes and salt taste very good, when one is hungry; and I keep the crackers Miss Emily sent, for mother. We do very well after all.

March 25th.—Nothing in the house to eat. James does not like to ask Mr. Bean for more potatoes, because he has lost a cow, and the

bank where he owned a few shares, has failed, and he feels very poor.

March 26th.—Miss Emily came yesterday afternoon; she asked me what we had to eat, and I had to tell her. She did not say any thing; but before tea she came down, and told me she was going to give lessons in painting to the daughter of Squire Gray, and should order the baker to leave us a large loaf every week, and that her lessons would more than pay for it; and her brother sent us half a dollar; and Mrs. Matoon sent a man down with a peck of potatoes, some salt pork, and some cabbage. I arose poor enough, but went to sleep rich, and I hope thankful, but not as thankful as I ought to be. O God! bless Miss Emily! Reward her in thy kingdom with glory everlasting, and give her peace and joy in thee, while thou keepest her on earth.

March 1st.—Miss Emily has been to the Deacon's, and they promise to pay mother's rent until she is better; and the overseers sent her wood;—this and Miss Emily's loaf a week, will help us nicely. I wish I had some good

stockings for Amy. She could knit them, but I cannot afford the yarn. She knit me my old ones, and Miss Emily's, last fall; but they are worn out,—they were well worn before; however, warm weather is coming again. What a blessing summer is to the poor!

March 5th.—I wanted to see Miss Emily's dearest friend; she has told me so much about her. Last week she came to make her a visit, and to-day they came here. She is not pretty, but has a noble look,—as if all her thoughts were above the stars. They told me I might go on Tuesday evening, and hear her play on the organ at our church; and they hope it will be a moonlight night. Amy and Ellen May are to go with her; and Miss Betty, the seamstress, says she will sit by mother for an hour.

March 8th.—Have been last night and heard Miss Mason play. The moon lighted all the church on one side, and the shade was on the other, so that it seemed far larger than in the day. Afterward, she played for Miss Emily to sing the chant, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give

you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." I have been to Thee, and thou hast given me rest.

March 12th.—Miss Mason has given Amy just what she wanted, both woollen and cotton yarn. Mother is really better in body and mind, for the last few days.

March 15th.—I began to go to the mill again yesterday. Pleasant and sweet faces are there now, made new by the purifying of the Holy Spirit; and kind words and smiles instead of coarse and unholy ones mingled with rude laughter.

Regeneration! Yes, as Miss Emily says, the word means "*new-born*," and so it is, "old things have passed away, and all things have become new." I believe I raised a little blood to-day. My side aches much.

March 20th.—Mother improves. She sits up all day now, and is calm. She has not had a frantic fit for nearly a month. Sweet Ellen May! Shall I ever be as truly good as she is? Her brother must be a very bad man. He is

out very late of nights. I asked her why she sat up for him, and told her it would wear her out. She looked like nothing earthly, when she said, “‘*It* suffereth *long* and is kind; it *never* faileth.’” Nothing else that I can do will win him back to the right way. I am thankful he is not intemperate. Thrown as a clerk at twelve years of age into a great city, without the restraints of home, and the saving grace of the Holy Spirit, I too should have fallen, perhaps, lower than he has!”

I left her, thinking I could hardly bear what she so meekly bore, and that the heart of her brother must be hard indeed, to let him go on in this course,—so sure to break her heart.

March 24th.—I was vexed yesterday, but I need not have been. Mrs. Scrub, who lives opposite, came in to see mother, and brought her a pie. Then she sat an hour, and said Amy was being spoiled, going to school, knitting, and sewing, and reading so much; and said her hands were as tender as Miss Emily’s! I need not have minded what she said, but I was

so wicked I could not taste her pie, and I am afraid I wished she had not brought it.

March 28th.—Very severe pain in my side, and raised blood all the way to the mill. I suppose it must be from my throat, for the specks of cotton always in the air at the mill, have made me cough all winter, and have given me an ugly feeling in my throat.

April 21st.—I have been two weeks quite ill. Ellen May has tended me like an elder sister, and Amy has been very gentle and thoughtful. Dear mother happily has been unusually quiet and well, and has even roused herself to do many things for me. I think my illness has done her good, by making her think less of her own pains and more of mine.

April 26th.—Very weak, but well in spirit. Sometimes, when I think over God's mercies to me,—when I consider how many and good friends he has placed around me, how many religious privileges I have, and how little pain I suffer, (for although I am so weak, I have no pain to speak of, my cough is the only thing that hurts me,)—when I look these all

over, I am afraid he is giving me my good things in this life. And when I think further of his one unspeakable gift to save my soul, I long for heaven, that I may pour out my whole heart in one undying song of praise! Glory and honour and blessing and power be unto the Lamb for ever and ever!

April 28th.—The violets that I planted in the raisin-box, and have had in my window all winter, are lovely. Out of doors, the dear birds come to the tree near my window, and sing as if they knew I was sick, and would fain gladden me with a little concert. How beautiful and fair is this glorious world! I should like to see what beauties God has in store in heaven, for if it so far excels the earth, He must be rich indeed in power! His way is so perfect, that he can express it in a thousand different forms, and yet leave its real *perfection* to be revealed only in heaven. He uses few colours for the flowers, and yet what infinite variety in their contrasts, and their shades so exquisitely blended!

He uses but one colour for the foliage of the

trees and shrubs, yet there is no monotony! The varied forms of the leaves, the different ways they grow upon the stem, or are suspended from it; the different heights of the trees and the unequal length of their branches! Oh! it is wonderful how one vast mind could plan it all, and keep it going without alteration, without having to alter or repair it, renewing every spring the decay of the autumn, and leading the world as by a resurrection out of the winding-sheet of winter, and the cold and still embrace of death, into the renewed life, the verdure, the bloom of spring!

May Day.—Amy brought me to-day a sweet bunch of the trailing arbutus, and Miss Emily sent me to read, the “Voices of the Night.” Two verses struck me much just now:

“And thou too, whosoe’er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.
Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!”

“Strong in the Lord, and in the power of

his might." "For if we suffer with him, we know that we shall also reign with him."

May 2d.—Ellen May embroiders and works on ornamental needle-work, to support herself and her wicked brother. He gets worse and worse. Had to-day a letter from our dear George. He has been ill in a hospital in Valparaiso, but was nearly well when he wrote. I thank thee, my Father. Do thou convert, and restore his soul.

May 6th.—Theresa May came back from the West to-day. She got tired of the mill, and thought she would go out West, where her brother is. She took the fever and ague, and spent all her money in her sickness. Her brother had married, and could do nothing for her; so she wrote back to Mr. Brown, the owner of the mill, that she was very homesick, and if he would only send her money to come back with, she should be perfectly happy. He sent her twenty dollars, and she has returned. She says some persons think mill-owners have no hearts, but she is sure Mr. Brown has a good and noble one. I think so

too. He has been very kind to me, and he has it in his power to do a great deal of good. Bless him, O Lord! and help him do the work that thou hast given him to do, as one who must account to thee for the wealth and influence thou hast given him.

May 5th.—Miss Emily came to-day, with Miss Mason. They say I must take a little journey. I have an uncle living not far from Stratford, and I told them if I could only get there! He had written, asking me and Amy to go, and said if we would write, he would meet us any day in Stratford and carry us out to his farm. I should like very much to go, but know I have no money. Miss Mason says she will give me five dollars, and Miss Emily says her good kind friend, Colonel Segur, will give me a free ticket to Stratford, for he is one of the directors of the railroad, and is always kind to the poor, and she will give me some little needful things to wear. How kind they all are!

May 8th.—Miss Emily came again to talk about the journey. I told her she was too

good to one so unworthy, but I could not go without Amy, (I should be afraid to,) and I could not leave mother alone. She said that was true, and she would think about it.

May 12th.—James came home last evening, and brought Amy a new gown, that he had earned by extra work. He was happy, and I was proud of him, and Amy delighted, both at his kindness and with the frock.

May 14th.—Miss Emily wrote to her cousin, a young gentleman in college, and to-day she brought me a package he sent by express, nineteen yards of good white cotton, two nice and pretty dresses, pins, needles, thread, soap, and many nice little things I would not have supposed he would think of.

I cry every day with gratitude. What have I done, that people should be so good to me? Nothing. The good Lord has put it into their hearts, and sent the ravens to feed me. Hath he not more than kept all his promises? Yes, indeed, “I have all things and abound!” My cup overflows with mercy!

May 18th.—Ellen May came to say that

she had been thinking about my going away, and if I would trust her (!) she would gladly take care of mother, and keep her from being lonely while we are gone. Is she not beautiful? I shall accept her kind offer. Mother is now so well that she can cook a little for herself, and keep the room tidy. Miss Emily says, she will send her girl down to wash and clean for her once a week. Every obstacle seems to be removed by these kind friends. Surely I do not deserve such love and care.

May 20th.—I think I had best not try to go before June. I am getting a little stronger, and the weather will then be settled and warm. I am busy making my things and Amy's ready. I must make mother a cap, too, before I go, and another apron. Ellen May fitted my dresses for me. Miss Emily sends me blanc-mange every day or two, made of Irish moss; it seems very good for my throat, and I love it, it tastes so clean. Colonel Segur gave her the free ticket to-day. He does not wish me to speak of it, because people might think he could often do it. He says, he does not think

it right to use his power to pass those who can and ought to pay, but he makes an exception with pleasure in such a case as mine. Amy looks very neat in her new dress. I have made one of the de-laines for mother. Deacon Lee came to see us yesterday, and made mother cry, and I felt badly enough. He said he supposed we needed help. He wouldn't say we did not, but he *would* say, that old Miss Butler, a long time ago, thought she was weakly, and that the church ought to help her, and the church did; and she got into the way of being helped, and they had helped her now for twenty years. I could not talk to him. I am afraid I felt wickedly. O Lord, give him more sympathy, and me a more cordial and forbearing love!

May 24th.—I begin to dread this journey. What if I should be taken with bleeding and die there, or be killed on the rail-road? But I must not look at that side of things. Have I any reason to distrust the kindness of my Heavenly Father, or to think that his care will fail? “Thou wilt keep them in *perfect*

peace, whose souls are stayed on thee. Thou wilt hide them in thy pavilion, and thy banner over them shall be love." I hide beneath the shadow of thy wing, and will trust thee to-day, to-morrow, and for ever.

May 27th.—Miss Mason came alone to see me to-day. She says that Miss Emily's engagement is broken off. Poor dear heart! But she has a higher arm to lean on than any earthly one, and a dearer love to console her in her Saviour. Mr. Blanque won her affection, and now has left her to marry a younger girl, who has red cheeks, bright eyes, and a frivolous heart! Well, I shall always think it is better that Miss Emily could not marry him, for I am sure he did not appreciate or sympathize with her noble heart and beautiful soul. I am sorry I am going just now; not that I could *do* any thing for her; and can I not *pray* for her there as well as here? They are coming down to take tea with me to-morrow, and help me sew. They will bring their own things for the tea, so that we are to have no trouble.

May 28th.—Yesterday they came early after dinner. Ellen May had brought me some lovely mosses from the lake side, and I put them in soup-plates with water, and they were beautiful! Although Amy said they looked just like half a dozen frogs in one dish, with their speckled green backs. I asked her to the bee, and the tea, and very pleasant it was. I could see the ladies liked Ellen May nearly as well as I do. She is just like a lady herself, all but the clothes; and those are always so neat and unpretending, that you do not think any thing about them. They finished my dress. Miss Mason trimmed mother's cap with a neat little cotton lace she brought, and Miss Emily trimmed my bonnet, and only smiled a little comically when I gave her two small bunches of cheap flowers I had sent Amy to buy for the inside. I suppose I ought not to have spent a shilling so foolishly, but she did not laugh at me for it; and I thanked her in my heart, for I knew she did not think it very wise.

May 29th.—I must leave my dear journal

at home, I believe, for our little trunk will only hold Amy's things and mine. Miss Emily says, she will write to me once, and that I must write after we get there; and she wishes me to direct the letter to her, and that will save the postage for mother. How thoughtful! I wish every one knew how to be as good as she is; but they do not; and yet people who only see her in society, say she is proud and cold. How little they know about her warm, loving, unselfish heart!

July 20th.—Six weeks gone! How pleasant it was. Amy took the nicest care of me, and every one I met was kind. The conductors were like brothers, so respectful and considerate; but the monotonous rumbling of the cars,—I can feel it now,—it seemed as if the track was laid through my brain, and the cars rushing over it inside my head. On the whole I am better, much better, for the journey. Poor Ellen May! One Sabbath while I was gone, her brother came home at noon, laid down upon her lounge, and went to sleep. He did not wake when the bell rang for church:

she went, supposing he would do very well without her, as he often slept so; but when she returned, he was still asleep. She sat down to read, and thought he slept heavily, then came up and stayed a little while in our room: not hearing him at five o'clock, she said she must rouse him, and get their supper. She went down and tried. Mother heard a scream, and ran down, and found that she had tried every way to waken him, but could not. Ellen rushed out and called a doctor who happened to be passing. He said it was an apoplectic fit, and that he did not think he would ever awake. He tried to bleed him, but the blood was stagnant, and refused to flow. The good doctor promised to come back and spend the night with them, and left. He returned at eleven, but there was no change, only deeper sleep and heavier breathing. He never woke at all; and they thought life ceased about nine o'clock the next evening! Ellen said mother did not seem excited or afraid, and that she was a comfort to her in those dark hours. He was buried in the new grave-yard, and Ellen

goes often to his grave, when I am sure it is not good for her, but I cannot hinder it.

July 28th.—Miss Emily looks pale and sad. Miss Mason says she shall not leave her; and, as she is an orphan, she can do as she chooses. Her brother (Miss Emily's) is studying medicine, since he was ordained as a minister, for he wishes to be thoroughly fitted to do good; and he can often gain access to the souls of the heathen by curing their bodies. It is long since we heard from George. I read yesterday of a vessel that sailed from New York with three hundred souls on board a year ago for Liverpool. No one has heard from her since. She has not arrived at her destined port; she has not been spoken by any other ship; but has silently and alone gone down into the deep with all her precious freight.

July 30th.—I begin to think of going again to the mill; but coughing so long and hard as I do every morning, keeps me from getting strong enough. I wish to be earning something, and relieve these kind friends from so

much expense; but I must be patient. Miss Emily says, "They also serve God who only stand and wait," and that I do her good every day. I don't see how I do her any good, I am sure! When I was in Stratford, I saw the ocean often. Whenever cousin Joseph took me to ride, I almost always asked him to go where we could see the sea. How beautiful the sunsets were there! I have brought home a good many shells from the beach, and some pebbles, polished and worn very smooth by the long and constant washing of the water.

August 8th.—Mother grows melancholy every day. Sometimes she wrings her hands and weeps. It distresses me very much, for nothing that I can do or say seems to cheer her, and she has taken the idea that no one likes her, or wants her to live. It is very sad to see her so. I told Miss Emily, and she says it is a part of her disease, and that she will try take her to ride in her father's gig whenever she can. She says this gloom is just as much insanity as her frantic fits were; and

that insane people are often alternating from one delusion to another; that some laugh, and sing, and talk, with unnatural vivacity, for months, and then sink into tears and gloom for a year. I wish I could help my dear mother bear this sorrowful load; but the Lord can lift it when he sees best.

Aug. 9th.—Miss Mason and Miss Emily have gone to-day to the falls of St. Anthony, or rather they have started to go there. They will visit Niagara on their way. I hope the journey will do my dearest and kindest friend much good, diverting her mind from some sad thoughts. I believe her father (although he has the reputation of a hard and miserly man) loves her as well as he is capable of loving any thing.

Aug. 12th.—How strange it seems that for a month I shall not see Miss Emily! A letter from George says that he has left his ship, and sailed in another that is going to China, and is to touch at the Sandwich Islands. I once read “A Visit to the South Seas,” and wished so much I could see those wonderful

islands. I am afraid George is yet unconverted, from the way he writes.

I copy into my journal to-day (16th) the verses about "Enoch," that Miss Emily gave me when she went away. I wish to have them where I can read them often.

He walked with God in holy joy
While yet his days were few ;
The deep, glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count
The ancient hills he trod,
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount,
Alike, he walked with God.

The graver mood of manhood came,
All full of cares and fears,
One voice was in his heart—the same
It heard through childhood's years
Amid fair tents and flocks and swains,
O'er his green pasture sod,
A shepherd king, on Eastern plains
The patriarch walked with God.

And calmly, brightly that pure life
Melted from earth away ;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay.
He bowed him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But, joined at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God.

So let us walk! The night must come
To us that comes to all,
We through the darkness must go home,
Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path for evermore,
That, without death, he trod;
Not so the way wherein of yore
His spirit walked with God.

I cannot tell how I feel when I read these lines, but I am sure it is something as Bunyan felt, when following Mr. Great Heart through the river that separated the land of Beulah from the Celestial City.

Aug. 20th.—Mother is no better. Alas! I hope Amy is not going to be sick, but the dear girl looks very slender, and it pains me to see it. I have not let her go to school this summer, for I thought I would teach her what I knew; and it would be better for her to have all the air and exercise she could get. I think she over-studied last winter. I wonder what makes us all so delicate! They say that father died of consumption, and many of his family, and that children are apt to have the diseases of their parents. Well, let it be so! One can as well love and glorify God, in a

frail, weak body, as in a stout and vigorous one; and often, I think, such weak and feeble creatures are more likely to climb upward for a support. The oak and the elm and the maple, and all the strong trees, stand in their own strength, by fastening their roots firmly in the earth; but the tender creeper, with its slender roots, climbs upward, leaning on another, higher and stronger than itself.

Aug. 24th.—I can see that mother is settling into a confirmed sadness. She is now quite passive, and says nothing for whole days together. James has done a good deal of extra work this summer, and has raised some vegetables for us in the little bed we are entitled to, in the garden attached to this house. Ellen May got a man to take her's, and give her half what he could raise from it. I have wished we could sometimes have a piece of fresh meat, on Amy's account; for she grows fast, and seems to need more nourishing food than we have. Mrs. Boncœur has given her some hens, and James has fixed a place for them. I

hope they will give us some eggs, at least, if we cannot raise the chickens.

Aug. 28th.—How strangely things do happen! I wished for meat, and just then came the hens to lay us eggs,—and to-day, Mrs. Chase, the hotel-keeper's wife, sent down word, that once a week, if Amy would go there with a covered basket, she would give her pieces of cold meat left from her table, enough to keep us through the week. She cannot use them for hashes, and they are just as nice as what her boarders eat. This was more kind and thoughtful,—a greater charity than she thinks.

September 8th.—Peaches! Early peaches! I wonder if they would taste as good if we could have them the whole year round? Amy is not well. She looks tired all the time. I do not let her know how I am troubled about her. I see that she often, when coming up the stairs, sits down half-way and rests, as if it was a great exertion to ascend a flight of eleven steps! If she were well as I was at her age, she would run up easily without stopping; and I was not *very* strong. She is too pale; and

I cannot coax her to eat much,—although she seems to find that the fresh meat tempts her appetite more than any thing else, except the peaches.

Sept. 12th.—Amy has a better colour for these few days, and seems stronger in the afternoon. I expect our dear Miss Emily will soon return. I wish my brother James could marry Ellen May. I want her to be my sister; but that is all nonsense! I suppose James will have next year the offer to live with Mr. Gordon, who has built the elegant new house at Burnside. He wants a sort of farmer and gardener combined, who can oversee his hundred acres of land; and has built the most cunning little cottage for his farmer to live in, with a dairy attached to it, and a little conservatory.

Sept. 15th.—I do not feel quite satisfied about Amy's returning colour, and her eyes are too clear and bright; yet it is, perhaps, all the fearfulness of an over-anxious love! James brought me a pigeon to-day. It seemed a shame to eat it; but it was very good, and

Amy and mother seemed to enjoy their share.

Sept. 18th.—The walls in our room are a sight! The old, dingy, smoky paper, has peeled off in many places, and looks so ragged, I must try to buy some newspapers, and cover the walls. It will be better than this—so smoked and torn. I got little Sam Bow to go to the reading-room for me, and ask if they would give him a quantity of cast-by papers. He brought me a wheelbarrow full. I have now plenty to make my room look tidy; but I forgot that I must have flour for paste; and for that I shall have to wait, as I do not feel at liberty to use what is given us for food, in that way.

Sept. 21st.—The flour was given, and the paper is on, to my great satisfaction. Poor, dear Amy! She has two round bright spots in her cheeks every afternoon; her pulse is quick and weak; and in the mornings she seems pale and weary, like a wilted flower.

Sept. 28th.—Miss Emily has come. I watched her when she first saw Amy, and I

am sure she shuddered. O Lord God! must I drink this cup!

Sept. 30th.—Amy seems better to-day. Miss Mason brought her a pin-cushion made by the Indians—the Tuscaroras—who live near the Falls of Niagara. They have enjoyed their journey very much; and I can see that Miss Emily is less abstracted and sorrowful. Miss Mason says her appetite is better, and that she is sure now that her trial will not any longer do her harm. She has a strong spirit, and she will triumph over all her weakness, because she draws from fountains of strength on high.

October 8th.—Alas! our precious Amy has drooped very fast this week, and she now sits up but little. It is quite clear to me how it will end; and yet I try to flatter myself that there is still hope.

Oct. 12th.—No better.

Oct. 15th.—I cannot write this sad record of decay.

Oct. 20th.—“Help me, O God! for the waters overflow my soul!”

Oct. 29th.—All is over on this earth for the darling! “O my God!”

December 1st.—One month ago we laid my precious Amy in the grave. She passed away with the leaves, and the birds, and all gentle and beautiful things. I have one angel less, and heaven has one more!

Miss Emily comes and sits by me; she does not talk, and I cannot; but I know how truly she weeps with, and prays for me.

Dec. 5th.—Mother has hardly seemed to know that Amy was sick, or that she has gone from us.

She looks as if she saw nothing—heard nothing—felt nothing.

Miss Mason came to-day alone. She brought me these strong lines, which she says Miss Emily repeats now a great deal:—

I have done at length with dreaming,
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

Life is struggle, combat, victory!
Wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?

Oh ! what a glorious record
 Had the angels of me kept,
 Had I *done*, instead of doubted,
 Had I *warred*, instead of wept.

Yet my soul, look not behind thee,
 Thou hast work to do at last :
 Let the brave toil of the present,
 Overarch the crumbled Past.

Build thy great acts high, and higher,
 Build them on the conquered sod,
 Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,
 Where thy prayer rose strong to God.

Dec. 10th.—Miss Emily has gone to see her cousin, a married lady, who is very ill. James feels our dear Amy's loss very deeply. I can see him rub his coat-sleeve across his eyes when he has accidentally taken up a box or book that was her's ; and last Sunday night, when I was singing

“Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away,”

he arose and hastily left the room. Amy used to sing the second to it. When he came back, I knew he had been crying. Oh ! that her death might wean us still more from earth ! and that we may strive more earnestly that we

may meet her, through “Him who hath loved us and given himself for us.”

Dec. 18th.—I cough shockingly. I have worn a crash towel over my chest, wet with cold water, and changed two or three times a day, and covered with a piece of oiled silk, to keep my clothes dry and exclude the air. *That* helped me for a long time, and has done me more good than any thing else I ever tried, except the sponge-bath every morning, and a great deal of rubbing with a coarse towel afterward, which Miss Emily made me begin two years ago. I know I have been better for it all along. Perhaps, if I had always done it from a child, I should have been well and strong; but then it did not save Amy. I must feel more that life and health are in God’s hands,—not that I would neglect any means of relief.

Dec. 23d.—I sometimes think it hard that I must live on charity, when I would so willingly work to support myself and my poor mother. I know that many members of the church who have never known what it is to

drag a feeble body to a daily task, think we might do more for ourselves, or, at least, live with less assistance from others, by doing without many comforts. But they do not come here to see and know how it is—how the money is spent, and what it goes for. The church gives us thirty dollars a year. That all goes for the rent of these two little rooms, and the one bed in the garden. James, they think, might do more for us; but he is only twenty years old, and has had no wages until this last year. His own board and clothes were all he had before that. He wants to marry, and has laid up in the savings bank thirty dollars of this year's wages. Ten of this he will use for our dear Amy's funeral expenses. The town gives us our wood; we use three cords in the year, and use any kind that they send us. It is always green; James cuts it for us, and tills our little bed in the garden. Miss Emily supplies most of mother's food that is delicate or nice, and all mine when I am more than usually ill. Many people occasion-

ally send us a token of their remembrance,—a pie, a cake, a pound of tea or sugar or butter; and Deacon Lewis always brings me a quarter of a dollar every month. This money and all the money that is given me, goes for my medicine; for if I go without that one day, I cough myself sick. I have often thought I would give it up, it is so expensive; but I cannot take any rest from coughing without it.

It is a little strange, that the people who never remember us, are the ones who complain that we are a burden on the church, and a tax to the town; and who cruelly say, “that soon all the poor folks will join the church, if they find they can be supported like Jane and her mother!” I will not cry over these things any more. God knows that I would rather work, but his hand is sore upon me, and I must suffer his righteous will. Keep me, O Heavenly Father! from questioning thy love, from doubting thy care, and the wisdom of thy dispensations.

Dec. 27th.—Mr. Brown has sent me six bottles of my medicine; how very good he is! I wish all mill-owners would take the time to do as much good as he does. I dare say, many rich men would never refuse to do a kind and generous thing, if the object would only go to them. The thing is, that so few take time to seek out proper objects; they are hurried, “and the cares of life, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the good seed in their hearts.” But if they ever reach heaven, and see what a scanty harvest awaits them there, they will then wish they had not sown so sparingly their good deeds on the earth, I fear.

November 1st.—Miss Mason came to-day. She is preparing to go in the spring to Salonica, with Mr. Howard, Miss Emily’s brother. They will be married in May, and sail soon after. I am afraid Miss Emily will get sad and lonely again after they are gone. Miss Mason will make a capital missionary—strong in body, stronger in spirit, with so large a heart, and so wise and calm a judgment!

Nov. 8th.—Miss Emily has returned. She brought with her the little daughter of her friend, Mrs. Colebrook, who died in her arms, and left her daughter to her as a dying legacy, begging her to consider the child as her own, and to bring her up for another world, higher and purer than this!

Nov. 9th.—I saw little Jessie to-day, Miss Emily's adopted daughter. She is a promising child, but her mother was sick so long, that she was allowed to take care of herself very much, and she has become somewhat headstrong and self-willed in consequence. She seems to love Miss Emily, and yet to be a little in awe of her, which will be well. She is only seven years old. Her father has gone to Australia, and when he returns, (which they expect will be some time soon, as he wrote he should sail immediately,) he will find his pleasant home deserted, his beloved wife in the grave, and his daughter almost a stranger to him.

Nov. 19th.—A letter to-day from George.

He has been unfortunate, and was robbed at Canton of all his earnings. He was sick—the hot sun there having affected his liver. He took passage in a vessel bound home; and when he arrived in New York, he could not bear to come here penniless, so he hired as second mate for a coasting voyage. This was in October. The weather became severe. They were bound for Savannah, and were driven about in a storm of mingled snow and rain for days. (It was the last of October.) Eleven days and nights he had not a dry thread on, and was almost frozen the whole time. He wrote from Savannah, and has gone from thence to South America. What a wonder he is! How much he has suffered! How little people, in general, reflect at what cost of life and health and fortune their commonest comforts are obtained! How for three years together, men leave all they love, and brave the hardships of the sea, to get the oil for but a few little villages, to burn a short time! How others broil in the fierce suns of the

tropics, and contract diseases that send them to early graves, in order that people at home may have their tea and coffee morning and night.

Nov. 28th.—My cough is worse than it was a month ago, and far worse than it was in the summer. I can do little but read and think. My mind seems every day clearer, and my thoughts take a wider range. Perhaps I am preparing to leave this ante-chamber, and enter within the veil, “where Christ my forerunner is entered.” Dear mother remains much as usual. I do not think my cough worries her, and it is a mercy it does not.

January 1st.—I have been spared to see another year! I have been worse again, and thought I should never recover to where I was a month ago. Every one has been kind. Little Jessie Colebrook has been down often, when Miss Emily could not come. She has got the tiniest pair of India rubber boots, that Miss Emily sent to Boston to get for her; and

she goes out in all weather, and comes dancing into my room out of the storm, with her cheeks glowing, and her eyes shining. Oh, how beautiful childhood is! And Miss Emily thinks so too; for she does not dress Jessie in feathers and velvet, but in the simplest clothing adapted to the season. How sensible she is! Yet no one thinks the child less lovely, because she is not loaded with finery.

Jan. 5th.—Miss Mason is making up many clothes for her voyage, because she will find it difficult to obtain suitable clothing at Salonica; and she wishes to have nothing to do when she arrives there, but to arrange their household matters, learn the language, get acquainted, and as soon as possible begin her proper missionary work.

Jan. 8th.—I am better again to-day. What a resource my journal is! I sometimes fear I spend too much time over it. Miss Mason came to-day. She says Miss Emily is very much interested in her little charge, and she thinks a kind Providence has led her there to

occupy her heart, when she and Mr. Howard are gone far away. I think so too; and it is only one more instance where “they that water others, shall themselves also be watered.” It will be a great care; but Young says—

“Life’s cares are blessings,
And he who has them not must make them.”

No one can live without caring for others. The canker eats into the heart that only minds itself. The rose-buds that will not unfold their petals and shed abroad their perfumes, drop blighted from the stalk, or decay unmourned beneath the green leaves. What a useless life I lead!

Jan. 12th.—Miss Emily says I do not look as well. Sweet Ellen May has been gone some weeks to visit a cousin, but has come home to-day, to gladden us all with her sympathy. How blessed I am in kind and loving Christian hearts! James is a dear, good brother. I wrote a little note to one of the girls in the mill, during the revival last

year, and to-day she came to see me. She says that poor note was the first thing that set her thinking about a future life. She has united with the church this winter, and she talked like one who has passed from death unto life. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, for he hath done marvellous things, whereof I am glad!"

Jan. 15th.—Poorly to-day. I cannot write.

Jan. 18th.—Miss Mason brought me these glorious lines by "Baxter" to-day. I must find strength to copy them:—

Let me go! my soul is weary
Of the chains that bind it here;
Let my spirit bind its pinion
To a brighter holier sphere:
Earth, 'tis true, has friends who bless me
With their fond and faithful love;
But the hands of angels beckon
Me to brighter climes above.

Let me go! for earth has sorrow,
Sin and pain and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are fraught with fears;

Short-lived are its brightest flowers;
Soon its cherished joys decay;
Let me go: I fain would leave it
For the realms of cloudless day.

Let me go! my heart hath tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace
Let me go, where I shall ever
See and know him face to face;
Let me go: the trees of heaven
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters
Flash upon my failing sight.

Let me go! for songs seraphic
Now seem calling from the sky;
'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Who e'en now are hovering nigh:
Let me go: they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long-sought rest.

He must have been near enough heaven,
when he wrote it, to feel its gales upon his
brow.

I am very tired to-day, so weak!

Jan. 25th.—For a week I have been a little
stronger, and have coughed less, I think. This

mild week has helped me. We were out of wood just before New-Year, and the overseers forgot to send it, so that we were entirely destitute for four or five days. Ellen May had burned all her's before she went away, and engaged some that was not to come until her return. James was unusually busy at Mr. Bean's, and did not happen to come up that week from Monday to Saturday. I believe it made me much worse. At last Jessie came, and went back and told Miss Emily, who sent us down enough to last until the overseers were reminded about it. I suppose they have their own business to attend to as well as the town's, and so they forget.

Jan. 28th.—Three months ago to-day our darling Amy “fell asleep.” I could not at that time write about her death; but now I wish to put down in my journal all I can remember that she said, for I may forget some of it if I leave it unrecorded. She wanted me to sing hymns to her, to pray, and read from the Scriptures often. She was not obliged to

keep her bed but a very few days, but sat most of the time supported in her chair by pillows. Her's was unearthly beauty. Such a smile I have never seen; and the smile was ever ready. No repining, no tears, but calmly and gratefully and sweetly she went down to the river, and welcomed the rising of its waters. "Peace, peace!" She would sit for hours with her hands folded and eyes closed, then open them, and seeing my anxious love, say, "Peace, peace!" "I feel that Christ has laid me on his bosom like a wounded lamb, and 'I fear no evil.' I shall go to sleep soon upon his bosom. Dear Jane, precious sister! It will not be long. I shall be only there a little before you." Again she would say, "Oh, the love of God in Christ! Shall I ever know it all! I praise thee, I bless thee, I worship thee—

'While life or thought or being last,
Or immortality endures.'

"Saved! Oh sister, what a thing it is to be saved by the precious blood of Jesus!

‘For Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all my sins away.’

How precious, how dear he is!” Her prayers were short—for her want of breath prevented her saying much—but I could see her thoughts were one long prayer for the salvation of George, for the sanctification of the church, for the saving of the world. “Thy kingdom come, O Lord, on earth, even as in heaven,” was frequently on her lips. About two hours before she died, she asked me to sing—

“When I can read my title clear;”

and then—

“Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour’s brow.”

After that, her breathing was fainter and fainter. The last words we heard were “blessed Saviour.” Her lips moved afterward, but we could not distinguish the words. It was hardly death—it was more like translation.

Shall I die as happily, and with as little fear or suffering?

Jan. 28th.—I have, once in a great while, “a horror of death.” It seems to fall upon me from outside myself. It is as if I might be tranquilly walking in the sunlight, and some one steal unperceived behind me, and throw over me a black pall, shutting out the light and nearly stifling me in its thick folds.

Jan. 8th.—Cold, very cold. I feel no worse than I know, but cannot get warm at all.

Jan. 12th.—We do not hear from George. I am anxious.

Feb. 17th.—“Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.” Mother is a miracle to me. She is like one dead. How very strange it is! Ellen May sits with me much, bringing her sewing. We do not always talk, for it wearies me to say much; but she sings

to me, or repeats sweet hymns, (of which she knows so many,) or passages from the Bible.

Feb. 21st.—James will marry Ellen May if they live. She is my soul's sister, and I am glad that when I am gone, I can feel that her love will supply my loss. No one else could be so kind to my poor, afflicted mother, and James will be blessed in a heavenly-minded and excellent wife, with a loving heart, and a cheerful spirit.

Feb. 25th.—This engagement of Ellen and James fills my cup of mercies. I cannot tell how it has relieved my heart. Now if I might hear of George's conversion, I should depart in peace.

Feb. 27th.—Worse again, and oh! so weak!

March 2d.—I see that I shall add but little more to this brief journal of my life. How has the Lord led me, and sustained me, and comforted me! Oh, for heaven to praise him as I would!

March 8th.—"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

March 12th.—Failing, I can see

"A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

I dreamed of Amy last night. She seemed to look out of a cloud upon me and smile. Then the cloud passed over her, as it does over the face of the moon.

March 18th.—

"Here in the body pent,
Afar from heaven I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home."

March 19th.—"The bosom of God is the home of the soul."

After this date, March 19th, Jane was too weak to sit up. She lingered six weeks, suffering at times for want of breath, and enduring severe paroxysms of coughing. Her spirit was maintained by her beloved Lord in perfect peace, and the most unwavering

and childlike trust. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was her language, "and though, after my death, worms shall destroy this body, yet in *my flesh* shall I see God." It was a blessed privilege to spend an hour with her; so meek, so uncomplaining, so grateful to God and all who loved her. I never returned from visiting her, that I did not feel my own coldness rebuked, and my ingratitude to my Heavenly Father more deeply realized. She did not know that she was dying at first, but when the shadow of death passed over her, she said—

"More light! It is dark here! Raise the curtain!"

I said, "Dear Jane, the curtain is raised."

"Then this is death," said she, "and it is good to die. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. I do not mean to be impatient, but 'Thy will be done.' 'O Lord in thee have I trusted!' I feel the everlasting arm beneath me."

After a dreadful struggle for breath, she

said, "That was hard, but the glory exceedeth—*it is revealed*—I see it—Pure and perfect light—The Lamb—The temple——Tell George to meet me——Christ died—Glory to God!—Into thy hands—Thou hast redeemed me"——

We heard no more; but the repose of heaven rested on her brow as she lay in the stillness of death.

"Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below
Go! by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign."

This little history is a perfectly true one. It shows what the grace of God can accomplish in the heart of the humblest and weakest of his children. It is all fact, as many can testify who knew and loved "Jane Bethel." Her mother remains as she was when Jane died. Her brother is now the husband of Ellen May, and she will probably live with them "until her change come."

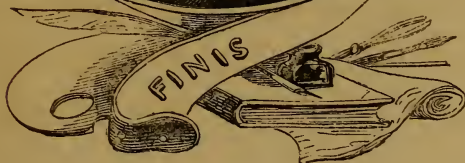
“I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.”

Miss Mason is married, and has gone with Mr. Howard on his mission. Their field was changed before they left, but wherever they may be, they will be as trees planted beside living waters, whose leaf shall never fail.

Miss Emily, since the death of her father, has enlarged the old place, and adopted into her heart five more little girls and two little boys. All are orphans, and she hopes for His blessing, who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

Dear reader, will you not be led, by the example which has now been exhibited, to more devotion to your Saviour, a more constant and earnest doing of his work? Whether old or young, whether poor or rich, whether sick or well, you can glorify God “with the body and with the spirit which are his.” And if you are unconverted, “Behold, I set

before you an open door." "Christ is the way and the truth and the life," and he says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in *no wise* cast out." Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.







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